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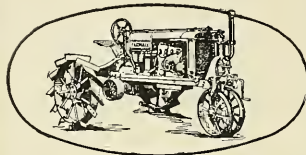
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EDITORIALS



CARL COHEN, '31, *Editor-in-Chief*

PLAY THE GAME

*We can't all play a winning game,
Some one is sure to lose.
Yet we can play so that our name,
No one may dare accuse!
That when the master Referee
Scores against our name,
It won't be whether we won or lost,
But HOW we played the game!*

Masonic News.

ANOTHER glorious football season has closed. King football has had his fling in the limelight and now is quite content to pass out of the picture. But before we do forget him entirely it would not be amiss to review the past season and pay just tribute to our worthy warriors who helped to make such a fine showing.

The superlative record made last year put this year's squad at a decided disadvantage. Yet our men never faltered, whatever the outcome of each successive game. They put forth every ounce of energy that brain, heart and body could command. Could anyone ask for more? Which all brings us down to the real theme we should like to impress upon our readers. As Farm School's reputation in athletics grew higher and higher, scepticism as to the intent of our athletic policy began to evidence itself here and there. It is for these sceptics and knockers that we add that, although we prize athletic achievement highly, it is secondary to our chief purpose—that of training boys in agriculture. The school's aim is to build character and courage through the medium of athletic contests—and nothing more.

At this time, we want to take the opportunity of thanking whole-heartedly the many alumni who have so faithfully attended the games and cheered our team on to victory both at home and abroad. We also want to express our deepest appreciation to Dr. Moore who has unselfishly sacrificed so much of his valuable time to act both as an inspiration and as a professional man to the boys in every game of the season.

May the good work shown this year continue! Carry on! M. S., '31

The Gleaner and the Future

DURING the last year, the GLEANER Staff has initiated some features which have made the issues more interesting and more representative of the School. It has simplified the cover, and kept it neat and attractive. At the same time the money saved from full-page cover drawings has been used to obtain more space. This, in turn, has allowed more students to show their talent and has brought to our readers some very interesting material.



Since this is the last issue the present staff as a unit will have the pleasure of presenting to our friends, we would like to show our appreciation to those who have helped to make the GLEANER what it was, and also to awaken the student body to the opportunity which is open to them to make the GLEANER better than ever.

It is scarcely possible that the GLEANER could have made the favorable impression it has, if it had not been for the generous and constant aid of our Literary adviser, Mr. Paul McKown. Whereas in high schools the members of the staff of any paper or magazine have usually had a course in journalism, at N. F. S. the students and editors have usually not had the benefit of such training. It is, therefore, the task of our adviser to do a great deal of explaining and to offer suggestions and give practical aid in a great many cases. Many times in reading proof and in making up "dummies," Mr. McKown has sacrificed much time which would ordinarily have been devoted to other work. He not only deserves the thanks of the Staff, as a whole, but the gratitude of the editor especially, who, because of more intimate association, has learned many useful things and has had the benefit of his wisdom and experience.

Another member of our faculty who has been a factor in the improvement of the GLEANER has been Mr. S. B. Samuels, who besides his other duties as Coach, Assistant to the Dean and Business Manager, has helped us to get more advertisers and aided in husbanding our finances.

The Westbrook Publishing Company and its manager, Mr. Barnes, deserve our thanks for their timely suggestions, clever arrangements and prompt service. By their competent efforts, the GLEANER has come back from their hands as a surprisingly finished and satisfying product.

But here we must temper our praise. The results shown by the GLEANER have been too much the results of the Staff. Surely there must be more interest in writing of every kind—whether of agriculture, sports, literature and editorials—than is found in the dozen or so members of the regular staff. We

(Continued on page 27)

ATHLETICS

MAX SCHINDLEMAN, '31, *Editor*
MORRIS SOOPPER, '32, *Ass't Editor*

CONCORDIA SUBDUED IN OPENER

The lid of the 1930 season was pried off in a fitting manner, with our team showing the rhythm and punch of last year. This game was bagged by the overwhelming score of 54-0.

Captain Phil Kleinman demonstrated once again his polished form on the grid-iron to the admiring gazes of the on-lookers. The remainder of the backfield consisted of Elson, Caplan, and a freshman, Harmon. They also gave a very creditable performance. Substitutions were made a number of times merely to give most of the first stringers a chance to play. Notwithstanding the huge score, the linemen continually had to keep on their toes, charging in on the defense and manufacturing large holes when on the offense. The left end and left half-back starred for the visitors. They alone prevented the game from being a complete rout.

LINE-UP

<i>Concordia</i>		<i>N. F. S.</i>
Jantz.....	L.E.....	Grisdale
Meyer.....	L.T.....	Rohrbaugh
Kennel.....	L.G.....	Cancelmo
Hartke.....	C.....	Dornan
Marchand.....	R.G.....	Van Dernoot
Burke.....	R.T.....	Goldfarb
Boehling.....	R.E.....	Edelman
Brusick.....	Q.....	Elson
Tenefrancio.....	L.H.....	Caplan
Miller.....	R.H.....	Kleinman
Klaus.....	F.B.....	Harmon

Substitutions: Murphy, Goldstein, Keiser, Lazarow, Rosen and Newman.

					<i>Total</i>
N. F. S.....	7	14	14	19	54
Concordia.....	0	0	0	0	0
<i>1st Downs Yds. Gained</i>					
N. F. S.....	24				357
Concordia.....	6				67

FARM SCHOOL NOSED OUT BY MCKENZIE

Farm School met its match when the powerful McKenzie Prep team of Monroe, N. Y., journeyed here and snatched away a victory by the slim margin of 7-6. An odd coincidence is the fact that we trounced them by the identical score last year.

The "bloodhounds" started the game off with a rush that quickly swept the opposition before them. McKenzie's 10-yard line was reached, and then somehow our offense was stopped, with McKenzie getting the ball. The Preppers could not advance themselves and once again our team was given a chance to carry the ball.

Just as before, our team charged down the field only to lose the ball on downs when the scoring zone was reached. It was quite evident that our boys were having an off-day. From then on the pigskin was exchanged a number of times with neither team making substantial headway. A few moments before the half ended Caplan tossed a perfect 40-yard pass to Grisdale who snatched it away from two would-be interceptors, over McKenzie's goal-line. On the try for extra point, the normally reliable toe of "Turk" Rohrbaugh failed.

During the second half, an unfortunate incident took place over a misunderstanding with the referee. As a result of this, the McKenzie team walked off the field. Our team then left for the dressing rooms. But, after a consultation between Dean Goodling, Coach Samuels, and the visitors' coach, it was decided to resume the game. This turned out to be the break that won the game for McKenzie. Soon after play began McKenzie scored the tying touchdown and added the winning point as well.

Kaplan tried a number of passes in a desperate attempt to retaliate, but our opponents kept Grisdale well covered and the attempts went for naught.

For our side, Lazarow thrilled the crowd a number of times with his speedy gains and flashy broken field running.

<i>McKenzie</i>		<i>N. F. S.</i>	
Dignan.....	L.E.	Grisdale	
Conka.....	L.T.	Rohrbaugh	
Tapsie.....	L.G.	Van Dernoot	
Sterano.....	C.	Dornan	
Cramer.....	R.G.	Cancelmo	
Kostas.....	R.T.	Goldfarb	
Robinson.....	R.E.	Edelman	
Chanitz.....	Q.	Elson	
Zuck.....	L.H.	Kleinman	
Staples.....	R.H.	Caplan	
Melle.....	F.B.	Harmon	

Substitutions: N. F. S.—Keiser, Lazarow, Murphy, Goldstein, Rosen and Newman.

N. F. S.	0	0	6	0—6
MacKenzie	0	0	7	0—7

	<i>1st Downs</i>	<i>Yds. Gained</i>
N. F. S.	10	173
MacKenzie	12	150

gagement with us. The visitors presented a tall and lanky aggregation which for a time put up some stubborn opposition, but this week, our boys were out to redeem themselves, and how they did is now a matter of history. Due to injuries sustained last week, Captain Kleinman, Elson and Goldfarb did not play. However, the others carried on nobly to trounce the visitors by four touchdowns. No points after touchdowns were completed. Harmon showed some fancy twirling and plunging. Keiser likewise, showed to advantage in scoring two of the touchdowns. The team is rapidly reaching its peak now and likewise proving that they can take it on the chin without crumpling, as all really good teams can.

<i>Y. C. I.</i>		<i>N. F. S.</i>	
Minnick.....	L.E.	Grisdale	
Steiger.....	L.T.	Rohrbaugh	
Danner.....	L.G.	Goldstein	
Lauer.....	C.	Dornan	
Kline.....	R.G.	Cancelmo	
Faust.....	R.T.	Van Dernoot	
Polack.....	R.E.	Edelman	
Clarke.....	Q.	Caplan	
Strayer.....	R.H.B.	Keiser	
Pentz.....	L.H.B.	Lazarow	
Rauhauser.....	F.B.	Harmon	

Substitutions: Newman and Murphy.

N. F. S.	12	6	0	6—24
Y. C. I.	0	0	0	0—0

	<i>1st Downs</i>	<i>Yds. Gained</i>
N. F. S.	17	231
York Collegiate Institute	1	20

YORK COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE TROUNCED, 24-0

The Y. C. I., a newcomer on our schedule substituted for Susquehanna J. V. who was forced to cancel their en-

TEMPLE PREP SUBDUED

The Farm School Green and Gold bulldogs continued their winning ways in soundly thrashing, by a 49-0 score, the Temple Prep team. At no time during

the game did the Preppers have a chance, and after the first five minutes the only question was how high the score would be.

The Aggies received the ball at the kickoff and after only five plays, Elson plunged across the goal line for the first of the seven touchdowns. After this the Temple line stiffened and held for a while, but the farmers would not be denied and in the second period they rushed over 3 more touchdowns, meanwhile holding the invaders scoreless.

The second half was a continuation of the first. Temple was unable to stop her much stronger opponent. Lazarow and Elson shone on the offense with several long runs, while the defensive work of the line was beautiful to behold. The all-around playing of our team in this game boded ill for our future opponents.

Temple	N. F. S.			
Bateman.....	L.E.....	Grisdale		
Cierone.....	L.T.....	Rohrbaugh		
Buruch.....	L.G.....	Goldstein		
Smith.....	C.....	Dornan		
Cohen.....	R.G.....	Newman		
Steltz.....	R.T.....	Cancelmo		
Waterman.....	R.E.....	Edelman		
Crossan.....	Q.....	Caplan		
Bernado.....	L.H.....	Lazarow		
Armstrong.....	R.H.....	Elson		
Green.....	F.B.....	Harmon		
Substitutions: Kirshenbaum, Rosen, and Murphy.				
N. F. S.....	7	19	19	14—49
Temple.....	0	0	0	0—0
<i>1st Downs Yds. Gained</i>				
N. F. S.....			16	347
Temple Prep.....		2		20

DREXEL VANQUISHED

The Aggies added another victory to their growing list when they defeated the Drexel J. V's by a 19 to 6 score. With the exception of the McKenzie game, this was the hardest struggle to date that the Farm School gridders tackled. They had

to wait until the middle of the third period before scoring the winning touchdown.

The game was just a few minutes old when Fleming, a Drexel halfback, intercepted a pass deep in his own territory and aided by almost perfect interference galloped 70 yards to a touchdown. This merely stimulated the Aggies to greater effort, for they came back stronger than ever. With Capt. Kleinman carrying the ball most of the time they soon rushed over a touchdown, thus putting the game on even terms again.

In the second half, Caplan, our stellar quarterback, hurled a pass to Edelman who sprinted twenty yards for the touchdown which broke the tie. Another lateral pass was responsible for the final tally.

The line played a beautiful game, holding Drexel to a few scant gains, while the backfield, led by Kleinman, functioned smoothly.

Drexel	N. F. S.			
Sudell.....	L.E.....	Grisdale		
Wallace.....	L.T.....	Rohrbaugh		
Snyder.....	L.G.....	Elson		
Tula.....	C.....	Dornan		
Wolfenson.....	R.G.....	Goldfarb		
Kelly.....	R.T.....	Van Dernoot		
Limbert.....	R.E.....	Edelman		
Breslyn.....	Q.....	Caplan		
Young.....	L.H.....	Lazarow		
Fleming.....	R.H.....	Kleinman		
Pitcheck.....	F.B.....	Harmon		
Substitutions: N. F. S.—Keiser for Lazarow.				
N. F. S.....	6	0	6	7—19
Drexel.....	6	0	0	0—6
<i>1st Downs Yds. Gained</i>				
N. F. S.....			17	300
Drexel.....		2		90

COOPER UNION SMOTHERED

The Green and Gold torrent swept on to its fifth victory of the current season by swamping the collegians from Manhattan, N. Y., under a 60-0 score.

Cooper Union started off with a rush that took our boys by surprise. Three consecutive first downs were recorded by the New Yorkers before Farm School took a brace and stopped their sudden advance. Then the Aggies got their own offense started and, once it got under way, it was never stopped. Our pony backfield literally ran rings around and through the opposition. The ball was worked toward the Cooper Union goal-line and Capt. Kleinman, with the aid of perfect interference broke away for a touchdown, as the first quarter ended.

The second and third quarters produced a scoring spree, the like of which has rarely been seen on Alumni Field. It would be hard to say that any one particular player starred. The entire team scintillated brightly.

Coach Samuels gave practically every man on the squad a chance to play. The third stringers, too, managed to push over a touchdown against the thoroughly whipped Unionites and they were just about to score another when the whistle blew and saved the latter from further humiliation.

Cooper Union College

N. F. S.

Watson.....	L.E.....	Gridale
Strassberg.....	L.T.....	Rohrbaugh
Zasorin.....	L.G.....	Elson
Malmquist.....	C.....	Dornan
Bulos.....	R.G.....	Goldfarb
Moract.....	R.T.....	Van Dernoot
Warsorfsky.....	R.E.....	Edelman
Halley.....	Q.....	Caplan
Glickman.....	R.H.....	Kleinman
Rouse.....	L.H.....	Keiser
Gorzilli.....	F.B.....	Harmon

Substitutions: Goldstein, Lazarow, Murphy, Kirschenbaum, Rosen, Newman, Zeider, Goodman, Klein, Moses, Feinberg and Dogon.

N. F. S.....	7	20	26	7-60
C. U.....	0	0	0	0-0
1st Downs Yds. Gained				
N. F. S.....	21	375		
C. U.....	3	40		

FARM SCHOOL TIES WENONAH IN EPIC STRUGGLE

The Green and Gold Gridders resumed relations with Wenonah Academy after a lapse of three years. Faithful alumni who witnessed that last game three years ago vividly recall the bitter struggle in which Farm School overcame Wenonah's lead to roundly trounce the Cadets. This one started off in much the same manner. The game was played on a muddy field which placed Kleinman and Company at a decided disadvantage, as they are not known to be good "mudders".

Wenonah immediately started a forward passing attack which had our boys guessing, and which finally landed them on our eight-yard line. Here Farm School showed its traditional grit in repulsing the soldier boys four times in their try for touchdown. Ever-reliable Cappy Kaplan booted the ball out of danger for the time being. Through out the first half, however, the ball was continually in Farm School territory. With forty-five seconds to go before the half ended, Wenonah completed a 45-yard pass for a touchdown. Another pass was also completed for the extra point, making the score 7-0 in Wenonah's favor. Up to this time Farm School never had a chance to get its offensive game started. A number of penalties inflicted for dubious reasons, didn't help our boys much either.



The second half was largely a repetition of the first. Wenonah wasn't making any headway; neither would they yield much ground to our charges. Thus it went until Keiser intercepted a pass on our 20-yard line. With three minutes to go Farm School desperately resorted to passing also. Two successive passes were completed which brought the ball within Wenonah's 10-yard line. A lineback by Keiser gained 2 more yards. Then little "Flash" Harmon galloped around right end for a touch down. Pandemonium reigned on the sidelines as only a minute more of game time remained. At this juncture, "Turk" Rohrbaugh, much in story-book fashion, charged on to the field to substitute for "Bob" Goldstein in order to kick the extra point. As everyone watched with bated breath, Fred carefully measured his steps and calmly waited for the snapback. The ball came, it was a poor pass but "Cappy" Kaplan retrieved it, placed it hurriedly and Fred booted it squarely between the uprights and saved the day for Farm School!

<i>Wenonah</i>		<i>N. F. S.</i>
Mills.....	L.E.....	Grisdale
Anderson.....	L.T.....	Rohrbaugh
Bassett.....	L.G.....	Elson
Scarcella.....	C.....	Dornan
DiLeminino.....	R.G.....	Goldfarb
Farais.....	R.T.....	Van Dernoot
Kozina.....	R.E.....	Edelman
Testa.....	Q.....	Caplan
Strech.....	L.H.....	Keiser
Knepper.....	R.H.....	Kleinman
Cico.....	F.B.....	Harmon
Substitutions: N. F. S.—Goldstein for Rohrbaugh, Lazarow for Harmon, Murphy for Grisdale, Grisdale for Murphy, Harmon for Lazarow, Rohrbaugh for Goldstein.		

1st Downs Yds. Gained

N. F. S.....	4	62
Wenonah.....	4	70

Edelman—"My girl knows her onions."
Goldfarb—"Yes, I sensed that."

FARM SCHOOL WINS FINAL

On a frozen playing field and with the temperature well below zero, the N. F. S. gridmen ended what is without question, the most difficult schedule ever undertaken, with a 13-0 win over Williamson Trade School.

At the outset, Farm School showed its crushing power. Williamson kicked off and, after receiving, our bulldogs made a determined march of 70 yards down the field, which finally culminated in Edelman carrying the ball over on an end around end play. His interference on this play was perfect, each man taking someone out of the play. Rohrbaugh added another point with a well-directed kick from placement. For a while after that neither team made any appreciable advances until late in the second period Lazarow broke away for one of his famous dazzling 70-yard sprints for a second touchdown. With the aid of quickly formed interference, he twisted and twirled through the entire Williamson team, meanwhile keeping everyone spell-bound. Rohrbaugh's try for point failed. This ended the scoring for the day.

At one time the embryo Mechanics had possession of the ball on Farm School's 4-yard line. Here again our line showed its mettle in repulsing Williamson's charges four times in a row. Not only was Williamson stopped, but they had to yield the ball on our 15-yard line. A loss to them of 11-yards from the original point of play. Farm School kicked out of danger and from then on our goal line was never threatened again. The game ended with the ball in midfield.

The refereeing and umpiring was excellent. No partiality was shown, and every doubtful point was quickly and capably taken care of.

<i>Williamson</i>	<i>N. F. S.</i>	
Schlegel.....	L.E.....	Grisdale
Kreiseher.....	L.T.....	Rohrbaugh
Trainer.....	L.G.....	Elson
Trout.....	C.....	Dornan
Share.....	R.G.....	Van Dernoot
Stauffer.....	R.T.....	Goldfarb
Brown.....	R.E.....	Edelman
Weaver.....	Q.....	Caplan
Adarin.....	L.H.....	Kleinman
Conard.....	R.H.....	Keiser
Rapple.....	F.B.....	Harmon

Substitutions: N. F. S.—Goldstein for Dornan,
Lazarow for Kleinman, Newman for Elson,
Elson for Caplan.

N. F. S.....	7	6	0	0—13
W. T. S.....	0	0	0	0—0
<i>1st Downs Yds. Gained</i>				
N. F. S.....	11			210
W. T. S.....	3			40

THE GREEN AND GOLD

<i>Vandernoot</i>
<i>KeIser</i>
<i>Caplan</i>
<i>T. Cancelmo</i>
<i>ElsOn</i>
<i>LazaRow</i>
<i>MurphY</i>
<i>GoldsTein</i>
<i>RoHrbaugh</i>
<i>NEwman</i>
<i>KleInman</i>
<i>GoldfaRh</i>
<i>Grisdale</i>
<i>DOrnan</i>
<i>HarmAn</i>
<i>EdeLman</i>

BASKETBALL PROSPECTS

The football season being already a matter of history, everybody's thoughts are now turning to the next major sport of the season—basketball. With the memory of last year's highly successful season still fresh in his mind, Coach Samuels is planning for another banner year on the court. His expectations are not ill-founded for, with Captain Kleinman, Caplan and Elson serving as a nucleus, he should build another powerful team. There is a wealth of material in the scrubs left over from last year: Shiffman, Rosenberg, Edelman, Cobert, Licht-

enstein and Nicholson. From these, plus several promising players of the Freshman Class, Coach Samuels should have no trouble in putting forth another fast, smart, rapid-thinking combination.

The schedule this year is up to the usual standard. Besides having eleven games to play the opponents are among the best teams in this section. However if the five this year plays with the same enthusiasm and spirit as displayed last year it would not be a surprise to see them emerge undefeated at the close of the season.

THE SCHEDULE

January 3, 1931—Catholic Institute.....	Home
January 10, 1931—New Jersey Institute of Deaf.....	Home
January 17, 1931—Brown Prep.....	Home
January 20, 1931—New Jersey Institute of Deaf.....	Trenton Junction, New Jersey
January 24, 1931—Camden Commercial College.....	Home
January 31, 1931—Williamson Trade School.....	Home
February 7, 1931—La Salle Prep.....	Home
February 14, 1931—Camden Commercial College.....	Camden, N. J.
February 20, 1931—Temple Prep.....	Home—7 P. M.
February 21—1931 Palmer School.....	Home
February 28—1931 Drexel Univ. J. V.....	Home

All home games start at 2 P. M. unless otherwise indicated.

Observations of a Scrub

THE Junior Varsity Football squad—just call them “scrubs”—ended the season of 1930 in bitter disappointment. It was the hope and anticipation of us “commoners” that a time would come when we might be able to take individual cracks at the two runts namely, Ron Keiser and Jacob Harmon, who presided in the varsity backfield. But that pleasure was granted to only a few of the scrubbers by Father Samuels. Hence the bitter disappointment.

However, a delightful season intermingled with numerous arguments, hors de combats, and excessive piling on served to make it eventful for all of us.

It might be interesting to quote the list of feuds which sprang up during the periods of strife. Practically every member of the scrubs had his marked man on the Varsity. Probably the most interesting feud of all centered around Gyp Rosen and Nate Newman. These two boys afforded the squads much entertainment in the manner in which they carried on their slugfests.

The next in importance was more or less of a wholesale affair. It dealt with the Notorious Turk Rohrbough. It seemed as if he had a grudge against every man on the scrubs. (By the way, the feeling was rather mutual.) His opponent Jack Goodman, would brook no sass from him and by all the rules of nature, the anticipated reactions usually followed.

Dan Miller had his hands full in handling the gigantic carcass of big Tom Cancelmo. Tom had a habit of swinging his left foot around in such a manner that his opponent was invariably smacked on the right knee. He tried it once too often. Dan acted. Tom didn't do it anymore.

Charley Fineberg had a rather difficult

time in figuring out the ways and wiles of Hadsy Dorman (better known as the weird one). You know Hadsy was one of those playful boys that took a fiendish delight in clipping some unfortunate scrub just for the fun of it and then informing said clipped one that it was merely part of the game.

Maxie Portnoy and Georgie VanDer-noot got along pretty well together. Of course, they struck up a few arguments occasionally, but what's one or two scraps in a football season!

Sam Goldfarb had no enemies, strange as it may seem!

Bud Edelman and Hymie Citron had it out several times. Buddy took advantage of Hymie's good nature pretty often. Good-hearted Hymie!

The ends, Frankel and Dogon, had the whole backfield to contend with. More than once were they forced to suffer indignities at the hands of the varsity ball-carriers. Those clipping back-fielders proved to be too much for these inexperienced ends. They naturally just had to keep their eyes open and their feet out of the way to keep from being mutilated.

The scrub backfield was composed of such eminent hommores as Benny Zeider, Joe Silverberg, Bernie Merken and Nate Moses. Benny used to roll on the ground and laugh his head off every time he'd make a gain through the varsity line-up. That happened quite often, too. You just couldn't hit Bennah hard enough.

Merkin, especially, had it in for the runt Harmon. Things went so badly one day that Harmon took a bite out of Merken's chest. Nate Moses was our passer. A pretty good one at that. Dignified Nate, sad to say, like Goldfarb, had no enemies either. Joe (Handsome) Silverberg was the hot Litvak of the team. When the

(Continued on page 31)



LITERARY



RONALD KEISER, '31 *Editor*

The Preakness Stakes

IT WAS Preakness Day at Old Hilltop. The sun was shining, as only the sun can shine, on a clear autumn day in Maryland.

All the information men, tipsters, touts and the usual elements that hang around the track, giving out the dope on what's what on the inner circle, were out early.

The crowds started coming soon after dinner, and by 2.30 when the first race went to post, they were fairly pouring into the gates. By 3.30, post time for the third race, when usually only a few stragglers come drifting in, people were still coming in mobs. The crowd was record breaking. Never before had Old Hilltop beheld so vast a crowd, assembled at one time.

And all because Chantey was running today. Chantey had been across the waters as a 2-year old, and while there, he beat the British and French champions respectively. Now he was to race once more on American soil, against the prides of England and France in the \$50,000 Preakness.

The third and fourth races drew scant attention from the vast multitude. But now comes the Preakness! It was the race which everybody was interested in. Excitement was everywhere. Down in the betting ring, out along the crowds lining the rail, up in the stands, bets were made, then doubled and then tripled. And Chantey was the favorite, not because she was considered the best horse

in the field, for she hadn't run yet as a three-year-old, but because she represented America's best, and well, anyway, she was Chantey.

The bugle was now blowing for saddles up, which meant that it was about 5 minutes to post time, and people were rushing everywhere in the betting ring, placing their last minute bets at the mutuel machines. The tension can almost be felt as everyone is waiting expectantly for the race to begin. There goes the bell, and the horses file out through the paddock gate, one by one.

First came Display, a big bay horse, winner of the Dixie handicap the past spring. Then came Wellington, a black steed, the champion of England. Third came Epinose, also a black, champion of France and behind him came Chantey, a long-limbed, sleek chestnut-haired filly with Alfred Johnson up, strutting proudly past the stands, down toward the starting pole. She looked every inch the horse that she was reputed to be and it seemed as though she knew that she was making her début as a 3-year old for the first time on American turf. As she strutted proudly past the stands down to the starting pole she was giving her backers all the confidence in the world in her. Behind came the rest of the field.

The race was scheduled at a mile and an eighth. The track was fast and the weather clear. The horses were delayed in starting, because the pride of England

took a notion to kick the horses around him, and raise a rumpus in general. So Mr. John Bull was given the outside position to start. So that put Display on the rail, Epinose second from the rail, and Chantey starting in 3rd position.

Suddenly the barrier was sprung. As one loud voice, the crowd roared, "They're off!" But no! They aren't all off, for one horse is left at the post, caught unawares. By God, it is Chantey! Yes, Chantey, down but not out, for Chantey suddenly goes into motion, and it is perfectly clear that she is going to make a race of it.

Left at the post by 10 lengths, she soon overtakes the tail-end horses. And running as though her life hung in the balance, she brings herself up to seventh place, at the half. After that it was harder to overtake the horses in front, but at three-quarters she was 5th, and still running hard. In the backstretch Johnson grabs the rail, and by careful manipulation, maneuvers into 4th place, and riding like he never rode before, Wellington is in the lead, now, Epinose, second, Display third, and Chantey, coming like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky.

Past the back stretch and into the home stretch, the horses go. There Display falters and is passed, putting Chantey into 3rd place, and Jockey Johnson is still hand riding. The last furlong pole is reached with Chantey, half a length behind Epinose. Georgie Fields her jockey goes to the whip a little ahead of time and Epinose, missing his stride, falls behind and Chantey rushes past.

By this time the crowd is half crazy. They are frantic with joy. They are jumping, they are yelling their support. Never before had they witnessed anything like it. But suddenly there is a lull in the shouting. Can Chantey beat Wellington? She is overtaking him gradually but the distance seems too short. She is up on Wellington's flank, behind by half a length, now they are running neck and neck, and like that they are nearing the finishing line. The crowds are frantically calling, "Chantey! Chantey!" And Chantey seems to hear them and responding valiantly, as Johnson goes to the whip, crosses the line, a bare nose in front of Wellington.

ALBERT ROSEN, '32.

THE TRACTOR

*The Tractor on the farm arose
Before the dawn at four;
It drove up cows and washed the clothes,
And finished every chore.
Then forth it went, into the field,
Just at the break of day;
It reaped and threshed the golden yield,
And hauled it all away.*

*It plowed the field that afternoon,
And when the job was through,
It hummed a pleasant little tune,
And churned the butter too.
It pumped the water for the stock.*

*And ground a crib of corn,
And hauled the babe around the block,
To still his cries forlorn.*

*Thus run the busy hours away,
By many a labor blest;
And, yet, when fell the twilight gray
The Tractor had no rest.
For while the farmer, peacefully read
The paper, by the Tungsten's glow,
The patient Tractor stood outside,
And ran the dynamo.*

Richard Polakovich, '31.

A Story of Little Italy



It was a perfect summer morning when I turned into a little side street in the slums of New York and paused in front of a small fruit store. The display of golden grapefruit and oranges thrilled me. The air was full of music. Someone was singing in the store. I stepped to the door and Rocco Spinelli, the owner, came quickly to greet me. His white teeth glistened as he smiled, and his large brown eyes twinkled as he said to me with a gesture of welcome—

"Gooda morn', my frien'. You wanta have some nice-a orange today?"

"Yes, I'll have some oranges," I replied, adding; "This is the cheeriest place I've seen for a long while, especially today when business is at its worst. Are you really so happy in this dingy store, I inquired?"

Rocco's face shone. "I'ma da happies' man in da worl', I tella you, my frien'." He continued eagerly, "If you hava da time, I tella you maybe why I so happy." We were soon seated out in the sunlight, and Rocco was telling me his story.

"Way back in Rinzotta, Italy, three year ago it begin. Leettle Rosa, she so sweet; every boy in Rinzotta want to carry her basket of fruit to the house, and walk wit' her to church. I lika her very much. Only sixteen was she den, my frien', and such a nice-a gal. An' by the blessed Sain' Theresa, she choosa me, Rocco, to be her steady boy frien'.

"We decide one day, we go to America. On a fina da morn, we stand before da priest; he marry us out in da vineyard; da birds dey sing, and we all happy."

"We start for America on a beega boat, an' da trip it seem very long. We not afraid, Rosa and I. But when we have only two days to America, I begin to feel so very weak, so much pain. My head, it become very heavy, I remember dat, but den I no remember what I do after. I unconscious. I wake up after while wit' Rosa by my side; she cry; she frighten'. I cannot talk. Dey taka my Rosa away.

"Eet is all a bad dream after dat. I hava to go to da hospital. I hear Rosa scream, when dey puta me in ambulance, when boat reaches America. Da good people, dey try mak a her quiet, but she no understan' da Eenglish."

Rocco's face was dark and sad, and after a deep sigh, continued.

"After a longa da time, I feela better. Da doctor, he say I can go now. I am well, my frien' but my heart, she just lak a heavy stone inside a me. I no hear about Rosa. The doctors an' nurses were very good to me, but about Rosa, where she go, or where I fin' her, dey no can tella me. Dey try helpa me, but dey so beezy, and what ees justa one poor Italiana man in such a beeg city? I go at last. I must finda da work, so I can alway look for my leettle Rosa.

"Ah, my frien, as I walka da street' every night, I alway tink of Rosa. I no sleep or eata well.

"One day, after hard longa walk, I hava some luck. 'Tis a rainy day; I see an old Jewish man pushing da banan' cart up da street. The old man leava his cart an' go to a house to taka some fruit to a lady, an' I see t'ree bad boys,

beega da boys, snatch a beega bunch of banan' an' run upa da alley. I run very fast, my frien' an' I take after dose boys. I chase dem a long way up da alley. The boys dey see I almos' catch dem; drop da banan' an' swear loud, an' call me bada names. I peek up da banan' an' take dem back to da old man. He a very kinda man, an' aska me come home witha him after I tella him my story; all about me an' my Rosa.

"Da old man become weak, an' after a while, I pusha da cart for him. He pay me wage, an' I sell fruit for him, but I never forget my Rosa. Da old man, he is a very fine frien', an' we often speak of Rosa, but he no understand my feeling. He tella me "Plenty more girl, pretty Italiana girl in da city" an' "forget about Rosa", but, my frien', I no can do dat."

"My Jewish frien' he go to sleep one day and no wake up again. I pusha da cart he leave to me, an' every night I walk mile and mile wit' da cart. Maybe I find Rosa!

"One bitter cold day, my heart she so heavy. For t'ree nights straight, I dream of my Rosa. I hear she calla me. I nearly go craz'. Eet is terrible, my frien' my fear and hunger. I walka nearly all da day.

"How long I walk dat day, I not know. At las' I go down dirty crowded side street. I don't know why; maybe I sell banan' here, maybe no. I'ma very weak; I must have someting to eat, an' I see a lunch-place across the street.

"I go in, but I no lika dat place. Eet is nota clean, an' a lot of rough men eat. I sit down; I wait for somebody to bring me food.

"Der is a small, theen gal in da room. She carries a very beeg tray of dish to a table. I only see her hair; it is so black, but I no see her face.

"Da noose men, dey make much loud talk, an laugh at dat gal. I see one man

pusha da gal's theen arm. Der comes great crash, an' da dish fall to da ground and break.

"Da leetle theen gal, she cry out very much, an' is very frighten'. The restauran' man; he come runnin', a beeg brute he ees, dat man. He call dat poor leetle gal bad names, an' den he lift up his han' to strike her."

Rocco wiped his brow with his red handkerchief. His eyes were snapping.

"Ah frien', I just a poor 'Wop' maybe, but when I see dat leetle gal cover her face wit' her theen hands, an' I see dose men laugh ver' hard at her, I-I get across dat room in a beeg jump, an' hit dat man right in da face.

"Den the leetle gal, she scream, 'Oh, Rocco! Mia Rocco!'

"Ah frien', never shall I forget dat moment, no not when I am old, old man.

"Rosa whisper so soft, 'Eet ees you, Rocco mio, an' she just reach out an' touch my arm lika she tink maybe I a ghost. Den her face turn all white, an' she faint in my arms like a broken flower. She so teen; so shabby, my leetle Rosa, wit' her poor feet showing t'rough da beeg holes in her shoes.

"My Rocco" she can only whisper, 'You come, oh take me wit' you, Rocco.' She tremble like a leaf before a wind.

"I put her upon my cart an' I feex a bed wit' my coat on da cart, an' we start away from da street.

"We finally reach home, an' you should see Rosa's face shine when she sees dat room. It was a very nice a room, my frien'; flowers in da window; two beautiful chairs, a table, a stove, and a large bed.

"Oh what a nice place', whispered Rosa, 'Do many live in it?'

"For a time my Rosa, ees not like herself. She still ees very frighten' of dees beeg America, an' ees afraid to go on da street alone. I stay very close to her, an' never leave her alone. After a while, she

get alright again. She play an' laugh like a happy chile.

"Good days come now, an' it go like a fine dream for me an' Rosa. I work, an' how I work! I buy da good food for my wife, and also good warm clothes for her. She soon forget da bad times, an' she sing all day.

"Later we get dees, (pointing to his store), wit' a leetle garden in da back. America ees a very nice place. Everyting ees so good. Do you wonder now dat I such a happy man, frien'? My leetle Rosa, she ees da same flower again."

Rocco chuckled. He motioned softly to the little shop. I heard a woman singing dreamily, and tenderly a lullaby to

sing her little one to sleep. Rocco listened too; his face radiant and his eyes glowing.

"See, she sing to da leetle one," he whispered

The sun glowed on the luscious fruit, and the birds chirped in the trees. Said Rocco in a convincing manner. "Now do you believe me, dat I da happiest man in da worl'?" I agreed with him, and stretched myself as I had been sitting in one position all this long while. It was getting late now, and I paid Rocco for the oranges.

"Good-a-bye," said Rocco smilingly.

"Good-luck," I answered, and left the store.

MORRIS SEIDMAN, '32.

We take pleasure in publishing the "Paeon" appearing below, written by the daughter of our President. It appeared in a recent issue of the *Jewish Exponent*, to whom we are indebted for permission to reprint.—THE EDITORS.

A Paeon

BY CONSTANCE ALLMAN LUDWIG

*My heart at ease upon the Springtime lies,
Or gaily dances with the butterflies.*

*The birds, the flowers, the blessed signs of Spring,
The white and lazy clouds up in the sky,
The glorious love of youth to my soul bring
The true contentment, the long-drawn sigh
Of bliss and love and glory.
So goes my happy story.*

*In Summer to lie out upon the fields
And watch the wealth of Nature's richest yields,
The waves of grain, the fragrant clover's hue,
The wonder of fulfillment, the bloom of flowers;
To see the shadows on the grass (that seem so ever-new)
The splendour of the sun, the long refreshing showers
None shall the Summer fail,
So runs my happy tale.*

*And Autumn brings the harvest time again.
To a world of busy, eager men,
The ripened grain, the bursting ears of corn,
The fruit trees laden with their mellow store;
Are all laid by for Winter not yet born,
Each soul is working harder than before
To harvest his crops' gold.
So is this happy season told.*

*Now here is Winter with its biting cold,
Its winds and snows that 'round about us fold
A coverlet of shining, glistening white.
Snug in my home, a fire upon my hearth,
I sit beside the flames, and in their flickering light
I praise my God Who brought peace to the Earth,
And these four Seasons' glory!
So ends my happy story.*

Hiram Kraft



WHEN young Hiram Kraft was born his dad took one long gaze at his progeny and said, "That boy is gonna be a farmer," and evidently he was right. For at the young and tender age when most boys are too foolish and frivolous to realize the serious aspects in life, young Hiram had already mapped out in his juvenile mind methods of avoiding the wet tail of the family cow. No boyhood is well spent without its regular quota of fights and we might say that even though Hiram was a peace-loving young man, he could handle his mittens in any type of emergency. Hiram was naturally frisky and many of the old-timers up in Milford Township, Bucks County, still shudder when the name of Hiram Kraft is mentioned. With the customary amount of schooling, plus the farm chores and occasional arguments, Hiram Kraft rounded out an eventfull boyhood.

In 1907 Mr. Kraft began his long career at Farm School. At that time the school consisted of the present Home barn, No. 2 and No. 3 farms. Dr. Krauskopf spent a good deal of his leisure time on the school grounds, and often in the company of Mr. Kraft. Mr. Kraft often relates the enjoyable times he spent with Dr. Krauskopf in the fields. His opinion of him is that of a fine old man and a true friend.

In the old days, Mr. Kraft states, hazing was carried out to the finest degrees. Hazing, figuratively speaking, was a part of the school's curriculum. The students were of a harder group and a little older than the present range. The work was much harder, due to the lack of modern labor-saving machinery (not as yet invented). Doylestown, we presume, had not been gifted with its fine Strand Theatre and naturally the only other manner of diversion were the raids.

In 1917 the advent of the first tractor or horseless wagon to appear on Farm School territory was responsible for the great dismay among the students and neighbors of the school. Up to this time all modes of plowing and cultivation were operated by means of horses. The tractor enabled the students to accomplish more work and hence the operation of a larger acreage.

Twenty-three years is a long period of time to spend at one place, but in that time Mr. Kraft has been instrumental in aiding hundreds of boys to become successful farmers. It seems as though Mr. Kraft can never tire of Farm School. He is a part of Farm School. The student has not yet matriculated at the Farm School who can take Mr. Kraft over in a corn-husking contest and we doubt whether that boy has been born. A Farm School education is incomplete unless some time has been spent at No. 5 Farm, where Mr. Kraft is head. Here the student becomes acquainted with some of the old farming fundamentals which will probably never be debated by science. The wisecracks and ditties in which Mr. Kraft is so proficient have made him the topic of

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AGRICULTURE



BERNARD GAYMAN, '31, *Editor*
SIDNEY STONE, '32, *Ass't Editor*

DEPARTMENTAL NOTES

A FAIR warning for all departments to hustle up and bring the fall work to a close has been promptly carried out. With a sudden drop of the temperature to 14 degrees above it means that snappy weather is on its way. And one of these days we shall wake up and find the dormant ground wrapped with a heavy white blanket of snow. Most of the fall plowing has been completed, little corn is left to be husked, perennial plants and all others needing winter-protection have been attended to.

GENERAL AGRICULTURAL DOINGS

THE annual manure caravan will be seen shortly, coasting along Turk lane, down to the Dairy and to the fields to replenish these vast acres with fertility. By this time all the grading of potatoes has been finished and the corn husked, and all livestock housed for the winter. Our wheat and oats, which have stopped growth now, have made such a good stand that at farm No. 3 the sheep have been given access to the fields to graze. The good growth may be due largely to the change in our fertilizer formula from 2-12-4 to 3-10-7, increasing the nitrogen and potash contents because of the dry season.

For the coming year the department is to use a subsoiler for their permanent potato fields and also for No. 6 farm where drainage is poor. For those who are following closely Mr. Webster's experiments in the development of a better variety of white corn, it may be of interest to know that the corn is still coming up. At its worst it may result in the discovery of a perennial corn.

IN HORTICULTURE

SYSTEMATIC management is something the farmer has been criticized for on many occasions. And for this feature the Horticulture Department ought to be complimented. Even during the rushing peach season and its peak load of labor, it has managed to come through successfully. At the time these notes are written the Department has finished with the grading of apples and is starting on the packing. The vegetable land has been disked, the orchards cleaned. The general winter work is all that lies ahead.

Soon they will put mulches on the strawberry and rhubarb patches. The department is particularly interested in the experiment of the strawberry fed hens which the poultry department insisted on ranging on the strawberry beds.

Prices for apples are not so good this year, and there is little demand for them locally. Yet, despite the present depression and slump in prices, the general expansion program of the department is going on.

LANDSCAPE DEPARTMENT ACTIVITIES

OUR landscaping crew has laboriously completed tree and shrub plantings behind the baseball backstop; one between the Dean's House and new building; they also have changed the foundation planting in front of the Dean's dwelling.

In addition, the crew has gone to work transplanting small evergreens; along with moving giant evergreens. Our sales for the fall season have been gratifying as we disposed of good stock to Blair Academy of New Jersey and many private individuals in the vicinity to a total of \$1400.

The nursery is shining with a clean countenance. All dead trees, limbs, old useless shrubs are being destroyed and removed, making for an orderly arrangement of our nursery stock.

AT THE GREENHOUSE

ALTHOUGH the prices for flowers this year have been low, the greenhouse will close its year with a total equal to that of previous years.

Excellent quality and large crops aided considerably in boosting the total sales. Chrysanthemums proved the most profitable crop for the Thanksgiving trade. All "mums" must be out of the way by December 1st to make room for sweet peas. Calla Lilies, Carnations, Snap Dragons and Cyclamen are being prepared for planting.

An innovation this year will be lettuce growing. Last year mushrooms were tried very successfully.

AMONG THE CHICKENS

To keep the birds comfortable for the winter No. 1 and No. 2 houses have been insulated. It is planned to turn these into brooder houses when the new building goes up. After a long wait a water system has been installed that will eliminate a lot of tedious work and also improve sanitary conditions. New trapnests were put in and roosts remodelled and improved. The Department has also obtained a plumping rack, killing hangers and blood cups for more efficient dressing of poultry.

The pullets are laying well and production is up to 50 per cent. Hens are starting to lay now. All birds were vaccinated for chicken pox and blood samples for the Bacillary White Diarrhea test will be taken shortly. This month marks one of the most prosperous ones we have had for a long time.

AROUND THE DAIRY

Our dairy was recently enlarged by the purchase of the entire herd of the Williamson Trade School, consisting of 16 milking cows and 7 young heifers. Some of these animals will be sold, and the rest installed in the dairy as soon as the 60-day quarantine at Farm No. 4 is completed. Many animals from the regular herd and

from No. 1 are to be disposed of, for various reasons. We are now producing 820 quarts of milk daily, all of which is regularly and carefully pasteurized. Mr. Brenneis, our new department head, has taken charge, and things are running along smoothly.

CLEANER MILK

CLEANER milk is the Dairy Department's new slogan. With the purchase of several items needed in the creamery and barns to facilitate the handling and to promote efficiency in milking and cleaning, it is expected that the Dairy will soon be producing milk containing fewer bacteria. Such milk will command a better price and gain public approval. The following rules will hereafter be fully enforced.

1. Milkers must wear milk suits.
2. Hands must be washed before the first cow is milked, and before milking each cow following.
3. Cows will be cleaned and groomed half hour before milking.
4. One man will be assigned to wash udders and teats, using a fresh bucket of

water and disinfectant for each ten cows.

5. Feeding will not start until the last cow is milked and the milk taken out of the barn.

6. Milkers must fore-strip (three or four streams) into a special bucket, from each quarter.

7. Straw should not be kicked about before sitting down to milk as it raises dust and bacteria.

The foregoing is open to amendment by suggestions which all are asked to feel free to hand in. The plan is entirely feasible, a part of it having been tried out before, with success. With the proper amount of help at the Dairy and full cooperation among all the students, the system could be soon established.

J. PASKIN, '31.

FACTS AT RANDOM

Out of 69 farm scales tested, only 6 were even fairly accurate.

Cross-bred pigs do not grow any faster than pure-breds.

Brooder pneumonia in young chicks is really a form of Bacillary White Diarrhoea.

Manure is worth three times as much on sandy soils as on the clay and loam soils. Soybean Oil Meal is a poor food for laying hens.

A 3,450-pound team of grade Percherons made a new record by starting a 3,100-pound load, and pulling it.

Animals grazing on Sweet Clover often bleed to death, if slightly cut or scratched.

Large quantities of Cottonseed Meal are poisonous to livestock.

The yellow coloring used for coloring butter is made from carrots.

The coloring matter in milk is a hereditary characteristic.

Oats are benefitted by a previous soybean crop, while wheat is not.

Silage is a better food than mixed hay for fattening calves.

A fat steer will shrink 60 pounds or so, in a day's railroad trip.

CAMPUS NEWS

HARRY PLOTKIN, '31, *Editor*
MORRIS DOGON, '31, *Associate Editor*

NEWS FROM THE DEAN'S OFFICE

THE Farm School has recently purchased twenty-six head of cattle from the Williamson Trade School, sixteen of which are pure-bred Jerseys, most of which will be kept.

For the first time in the history of the school we have Ayrshire cows in milking. One Ayrshire purchased from the Williamson Trade School is producing a very creditable flow of milk and we also have five very high-grade Ayrshire heifers which have recently freshened. This will make a nucleus of six Ayrshire cows for the development of a future herd.

Through the courtesy of Jonas Herschel Weil, the school has received twenty-five ewes and one ram which will form a nucleus for the development of the sheep industry in the school.

Sometime ago the Landscape Department imported from Germany a very beautiful evergreen plant, the only stock of its kind in this country, which, if successful in propagating in this climate, should develop into something very useful for landscaping work.

We continue to receive good reports from a large majority of our recent graduates who are still doing excellent work on farms.

C. L. GOODLING, *Dean*.

N. F. S. PRODUCTS SHOWN AT STANLEY AND MASTBAUM

Although there was no Student Products Show held this year, Farm School had the honor of exhibiting its products before two large groups of Philadelphia theatre-goers. Persons who saw the shows in the lobbies of the Stanley and Mastbaum theatres, declare that the array of the various vegetables, including huge bright-colored pumpkins and squashes, the different varieties of fruits, evergreen trees, and corn and wheat groupings, was novel, attractive and extremely interesting. Another feature was the artistic use of the multi-colored autumn leaves of the trees from the Farm School woods.

FARMERETTES VISIT N. F. S.

THREE fair Farmerettes, hailing from the Woman's School of Horticulture at Ambler Pa., recently visited the school with the fond hopes of bettering their knowledge of Farming. This they accomplished we presume because of the fact that they were guided through the grounds of the school by none other than the illustrious Finkle, Cobert, Spiller and Steinberg. The visit also turned out to be social; may they appear at our next dance!

When we first observed the delicate features of these would-be farmers, we were rather surprised. These girls milk the cows, drive teams occasionally and do other farm tasks. The delicate features,

we learned later, were due to the fact that hired men at the school did the more loathesome or manual work.

The school stresses more of the finer arts connected with farming, such as poultry, garden designing, teaching and also provides a "finishing school" work. The girls get up at the hour of seven (breakfast is not served in bed). Classes end at four-thirty and from that time until ten o'clock they are permitted to go at will. They are allowed to have their own cars. There are only forty weeks of school, the rest being vacation. They have no football team, sorority or other social activities. They have exactly three horses, docile creatures that they are!

Under such conditions and environment these lassies are equipped to go out and battle the financial depression of the farmer. Is it a wonder that the condition of the farmer is improving yearly? We ask you?

SOCIAL LIONS STEP OUT

Following the invitation extended to the upper-classmen to attend the dinner dance given by the Rebecca Gratz Club of Philadelphia, thirty-three students responded. The aggregation arrived in time to take part in a tête-à-tête arranged by the club. Of course the boys lost no time in making themselves known to the comely damsels who strutted around the Club. At eight o'clock a dance orchestra, known as the South Philly Captivators, commenced their crooning melodies. The floor was slightly crowded but the ability of the Farm School Students to adjust themselves to any condition was soon made evident. There was, that is speaking in Farm School terms, a delightful ratio.

At eleven o'clock, sandwiches were served and those students who were aware of the fact that they had thirty

miles of travelling ahead of them, ate heartily. Those that did not, ate hot dogs in Willow Grove.

We offer hearty thanks to the matron, Mrs. Friedman, and to the members of the club for the invitation, and we might also add that it was certainly worth the sixty-mile trip. We hope to see closer relationships between these points in the near future.

FRESHMAN FOOTBALL BANQUET AGAIN SCORES

THE annual football banquet by the Freshman class to the student body, faculty and friends on the eve of the opening game, was a colorful event. The pace for such banquets has long been set and each succeeding class tries to quicken it a bit. 1933 was no sluggard. The fine menu (under foreign names) produced a satisfied-looking crowd; everyone pronounced it "just right".

Dr. Moore, as toastmaster, forgot his pill case and engineered matters beautifully. Dean Goodling and President Allman spoke encouraging words for the on-coming gridiron season. Coach Samuels added his analysis of the team and spoke of the possibilities on the field. He is always wise in refraining from too confident an attitude; for over-confidence by the team might prove disastrous. We welcomed Charles McIlvane of the Penn A. C. Championship crew, as always. No one can talk on sports with quite so much pep as a sportsman who has actually been in the game. And this is especially true where the results hinged on the sole efforts of one individual.

The affair ended with the presentation of gifts to worthy upperclassmen who coached Freshman athletics: Steinberg, '31; Liskowitz, '31; Zeider, '31; Phil Kleinman, '31.

MORE ETIQUETTE IN THE DINING ROOM

THE management of the Dining Room recently introduced a new plan of Dining Room etiquette and procedure. It is the hope of the committee in charge of this change that a new atmosphere will invade the portals of our mess hall. In the past the dining room after every meal presented a scene resembling that of an army camp; the dishes were strewn all over the tables and bread crumbs and amoeba swam in pools of cocoa and vegetable soup to their hearts' content.

Perhaps this untidiness may have been caused by the intense hunger of the students, aroused by manual labor in the fields. However, Mr. Samuels always stated that there should be no necessity for any student fearing the lack of victuals. Should any student feel that he has not received a fair ration, he is perfectly justified in going over to Mr. Samuels and notifying him, with a pat on the back, that he could possibly stand a little more. No one has as yet tried this method of securing an extra portion of dessert, but remember, the world admires a hero. Take *Oliver Twist* for instance.

Nevertheless dining room manners are undergoing a period of striking improvement, and before the month is past we hope to see them on a par with those which prevail at the Ritz.

A monitor and his assistant (usually his buddy) preside at each table and serve the food according to their personal likes or dislikes. It is the duty of the monitor to see that the table is kept clean and all empty plates are removed immediately. At the end of each week the table having the cleanest record will receive a pie for its efforts.

If things work out according to plans it should tend to make the dining room a

more pleasant place to spend the meal time.

The idea should work at least as far as the pie is concerned and we believe it will work as long as the pie continues to hold out; a sudden discontinuation might prove fatal to the whole plan and weeks of untold labor will be but nought.

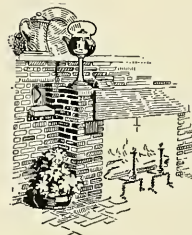
The Dean's and Mr. Samuel's dream will in all probability become a reality. If it does it will develop more of the gentleman farmers, which the world at present could so very well use.

FRIDAY NIGHT CHAPEL SERVICES

Chapel Services were inaugurated again, on October 24 with Rabbi Feibleman officiating. His sermon dealt with the economic depression in the city.

On November 7, we heard from Rabbi Unger. His pleasing manner held the attention of everyone. His subject was, "The Achievements, Failures and Future Aims of Science."

THE GLEANER Staff wishes to thank Abe Seidman for his contributions during the year in the way of clerical supplies.



Campus Chatter

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Keane didn't overturn his plate for three successive days.

Soopper gave his butter away on November 20, 1930.

Dogon and Sherman cost the Poultry Department a small fortune because of the former's hunger and the latter's beauty shampoos.

"Nate" Neuman was the first to leave the breakfast table on November 18, 1930.

It was easy to distinguish the orchestra from a boiler factory at the last dance.

The band still expects to travel to North Carolina.

Solomonowitz strained ligaments on both arms in his last ping-pong game.

Mike Finkle didn't receive a flunk in the past semester.

Bill is increasing in speed. He drops his platters faster.

Three horses bowed down in shame after an eating contest with Soopper, Rosen and "Nate" Newman on December 3, 1930.

Shorty Ray gained eight inches in height during the last 2½ years.

Zeider gave the A. A. Store an unexpected visit on November 19, 1930.

Marks expects to Captain the 1932 eleven.

Weinstein spends his nights in the Chemistry Laboratory.

Malkin intends to Farm in China.

Mr. Samuels chews gum at Athletic events to save the difference on cigars.

Kaufman has reduced his practicing schedule from 14 to 12 hours.

Two-thirds of the Junior Class contemplate taking poultry as their project.

Trunk carries potted ham with him at all times.

Rosenzweig shaves and smokes a pipe.

Bernstein did a day's work on November 14, 1930.

This is the last GLEANER publication for the present term.

The Seniors have 85 more days remaining after our Xmas vacation.

"WHITEY" SEIDMAN, '32.

Mr. Schmieder—"And what have you gotten out of this course, Salzgeber?"

Salzgeber—"Well, Mr. Schmieder, I think—"

Mr. Schmieder (interrupting)—"That's fine. Now let that be an incentive to the rest of you."

D. Finkle—"I am going to shoot you." Texas—"Why?"

D. Finkle—"I promised to shoot anyone who looks like me."

Texas—"Do I look like you?"

D. Finkle—"Yeah!"

Texas—"Shoot!"

"That will be enough out of you," said Weinstein, as he moved over to the next cow.

"What's this, a game?" exclaimed the coach as he received his ninth checker set for his birthday?

Glasses and Clubs

SENIOR CLASS

The Seniors are pushing the Year Book forth with loyal cooperation, on everybody's part. Enthusiasm has been shown by the accumulation of ads, the taking of pictures, and writing up of personals. The newly installed Councilmen have proved their worth, working with a co-ordination that has been complimented by Mr. Samuels.

The Class stands ready to keep order in the dining room by means of the Monitor System.

The Football squad has been aided considerably by the presence of Messrs. Kleinman, Keiser, Goldfarb, Grisdale, Rohrbaugh, Dornan, Cancelmo, Goodman, Miller, Dogon, Zeider.

S. G., '31.

JUNIOR CLASS NEWS

CLASS OFFICERS

Joe Silverberg, *Pres.* Lou Shiffman, *Treas.* Bob Goldstein, *V-Pres.* Leo Lebove, *Sec.*

All the class officers and committees under the capable guidance of President Silverberg, are working smoothly and efficiently in the performance of their duties.

At class meetings the main topics under discussion are—Class rings, class pennants and the coming victorious Junior class football team. Money for the rings and pins is coming in very slowly. Judging by the number of orders for rings, the Junior class wants its jewelry, but can't afford to pay for it. Seidman, who is chairman of the ring and pin committee, expects to use his oratorical powers toward softening the salesman's heart and reducing the price of the rings and pins. He may even resort to tears.

We expect to have our pennants very soon. Bob Goldstein, chairman of the pennant committee, has been poring over catalogues, but not until recently has he discovered a pennant that comes up to his artistic standard, and down to our price (we hope).

At our latest class meeting Treasurer L. Shiffman gave us a report on our financial standing and, after much protest from the members, read aloud the names of those who are behind in dues. Such courage is to be admired, and L. Shiffman is advised to stay in his room as much as possible.

The Junior football team is shaping up nicely, thanks to the coaching of Jess Elson and Buddy Edelman. Bring on your Freshmen!

SECRETARY.

FRESHMAN CLASS

Officers to hold positions for the remaining months of the school year were recently elected. They are: J. Burns, President; Bontilier, Vice-President; C. Billman, Secretary; A. Stoudt, Treasurer.

Mr. Toor was chosen class faculty adviser. Harry Steinberg is the senior adviser.

The football squad has been practicing faithfully under the coaching of Kleinman and Steinberg, for the game with the Juniors.

M. H., '33.



HORTICULTURE SOCIETY

Motion pictures dealing with Potatoes, Farm Accounts, Mexican Bean Beetle; Spraying Fruit Trees; Control of Vegetable Diseases have done their bit towards our educational progress.

Mr. Purnell has given us excellent reports of recent graduates. Thanks are due him for assisting us at our Annual Cider Banquet, which proved a great success.

Apple varieties have been discussed at our regular meetings; with samples of the fruit distributed at each meeting.

S. G., '31.

LITERARY SOCIETY

The Literary Society started the season with "Soviet Russia", by Cal Liskowitz, followed by a debate at the next session, entitled, "Movies are Detrimental"; with M. Plotkin as Positive and C. Cohen-Goldman on the Negative. Negatives led with eight votes.

Our usual meeting place is the lobby of Lasker Hall. All especially interested are urged to attend, and become members.

S. G., '31.

THE BAND

THE Band has recently elected officers: Kalman Liskowitz, President; Robert Goldstein, Vice-President; Morris Seidman, Treasurer; and Philip Spivak, Secretary.

Our organization is enlarging its repertoire weekly. Every Tuesday echoes of a new selection can be heard on the campus; we have now broken into grand opera selections. Our moral and musical support of the football eleven is well known; a football game would not be a football game without the band.

SECRETARY.

POULTRY CLUB

The club opened the fall term with the elections of new officers for the remainder of the year. These were Dan Miller, President; P. Spivak, Vice-President; B. Levine, Secretary; I. Ray, Treasurer.

A representative of the Consolidated Milk Products Co. gave the club an interesting, illustrated talk about his company and their products. Plans are being made for the annual banquet.

B. LEVINE, Secretary.

HIRAM KRAFT

(Continued from page 18)

many a campus bull session. What a world of experience is to be gained through mere contact with this man!

Some one of these fine mornings when you come back to visit your Alma Mater, get up at 6.30 and take a jaunt to the road in front of the old post office. Soon you will see him ride up in his little sulky cart. He's never late. Hop in the sulky and ride with him over the lane through the peach orchard and over the back road to No. 5. He'll thrill you with his sayings and probably you'll think you are still in Farm School.

In five or even ten years from now, he'll still be the same Mr. Kraft. Time and tide can not change such a venerable soul.

His keen personality will always be remembered by those who have had the pleasure of his association. Don't forget to look Mr. Kraft up next Alumni day. He remembers you. That good heart that has seen twenty-three classes come and go, will greet you with the same "Good morning" that you knew so well in your Farm School days.

M. DOGON, '31.

EXCHANGES

MARCUS A. GOLDMAN, *Editor*

WE EXCHANGE editors hold an unenviable position on the magazines we ornament, the anomalous position of critics in every field. Visionary people, who know no practical bounds to achievement, we demand a perfection in others which our own vehicles do not exhibit. I daresay there is hardly a critic alive, who inventorying the shortcomings of other magazines, does not blush for the equally obvious imperfection of his own. And some coarse person with an eye only to the canker on the rose, intrudes unimaginative comment on our prophesying, in blunt wounding words: "If you know so much, why don't you do it yourself."

That is precisely the gulf between vision and reality in everything and the twain will never meet. The Exchange department in this and every paper is run by idealists who are eighteen million light years in advance of ordinary achievement in publishing, just as the Sermon on the Mount is too Christian for any Christian and the Declaration of Independence too democratic for any ordinary democrat.

As an example take the *Glen-Nor Crier*. The Exchange Editor of that magazine comes to the conclusion after looking through her mail that "originality will be the secret of the season's success," in school magazines. And do we find originality in the *Crier*? No! But we don't deny the need of that scarce, god-like quality in the sweepstakes for distinction we are all entered upon, though our own magazines lack it. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the failure of the rest of the staff to carry out our

dreams of perfection. Our business is to judge justly, whatever misdemeanors our own partners are guilty of.

The Blue and Gold, organ of the Concordia Institute we played in football, avenges itself for the defeat they suffered at our hands, by winning a quieter victory over us in the field of literature. The fall issue is very well-rounded, with a homily on Martin Luther, spiritual head of the Institute; some good stories, some good sketches and a poem, "Rain" with the remarkable line:

"Nor sounds the mystic gutter song"

in the best manner of the moderns, worth poring through the whole magazine to discover in its freshness, although to tell the truth we never could feel anything mystic in the washing of rain down a street gutter. *The Blue and Gold* in two respects is unique. It has a cover that does not repeat the words of its title in color, the first magazine we have ever seen which heroically denies itself that obvious unity of form and substance, and it has an Exchange Editor who in three criticisms occupying a large page in small type makes not a single destructive suggestion, but singles out all the features in each, item by item, for special praise. The three perfect magazines are *The Red and Blue*, Franklin School, N. Y. C., *The Concordia Comet*, St. Paul, Minn., and *The Luther Echo*, of the same city. We should just like to see these publications. Then if we couldn't find anything wrong with them they would indeed be perfect. As if we couldn't!

ALUMNI NOTES

SAMUEL GOLDFARB, *Editor*

Grad Tid-bits

IT was surprising, and yet gratifying to see the large turnout of Alumni at the Williamson and Wenonah games. For any school of our proportions, the Alumni are most active and loyal.

Mr. and Mrs. Brunowasser of Pittsburgh announce the arrival of a son.

Bud Hoguet, '29, now at State College was the only sophomore to break into the line-up with any consistency during the past football season.

Sam Rudley, '08, has a new establishment in the flourishing 69th St. district in Philadelphia and has shown his loyalty by employing recent graduates.

"Ken" Coleman and Ben Rosenberg '30, have left for Florida, intending to establish themselves independently in landscape work.

Lou Erlbaum, '30, now at Lovett's Nurseries dropped around for the Williamson game.

Moe Lahrer, '30, is giving periodic recitals on the piano and his services appear to be very much in demand.

Sol Colton, '29, may be located at Mahopac Falls, N. Y., for the past 2½ months he has been working as caretaker on an estate.

"Si" Podolin, '30, now at Valley Forge Military Academy was the regular quarterback for the cadets this year.

"Bill" Fisher, '30, is working for a surgical supply company. Johnny Cowan, '28, is employed by the Atlantic Refining Company. P. Wiseman, '11, is in the retail meat business, at 2120 N. 29th St. Phila.

Rudolph Marcus, '30, reports progress from the land of the sunny clime, namely at the Louisiana State Hospital. Under his guidance the newly organized poultry department of that institution is flourishing.

Al. Gysling, '30 is employed as a dairyman at Waynesboro, Pa.

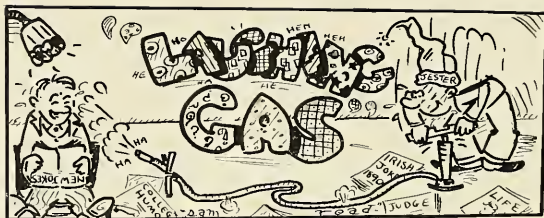
In another long informative narrative, John Asch '26 writes from Palestine of the adverse conditions met with in preparing the soil of citrus groves, from an agricultural and economic standpoint.

Morris Mazor, '22, was recently betrothed to Miss Clavil Frankel. Again we wish the happy couple the greatest of happiness.

Joe Kovarik, '29, who has been with Walker Gordon since graduation, is now associated with their new revolutionary milk producing enterprise the "Rotolactor".

NEWS ITEMS FOR ALUMNI

The Alumni House is now completely furnished. Installation of showers and a new sewage system will begin in the near future.



Bozzly—"Between you and me, what do you think of Ruth?"

Liske—"Between you and me not so much; but alone—not bad."

—Adapted.

Goldman's father to Henry (who is prominent in Farm School Sports)—
"What's this I hear about you bringing home the bacon?"

A frisky little mule was trying to throw his dusky rider and in kicking about caught his foot in a stirrup, upon which the darky cried out, "Say! If yo' is goin' to git on, Ah is goin' to git off!"

—Haverford Index.

Mr. Schmieder (Socialist)—"What's the difference between the rich man and the poor man?"

Elson—"The poor man has a cold and the rich man has acute laryngitis."

Motor Cop (producing note book)—
"What's your name?"

Motorist—"Aloysius Alstars Chalappy Soybean."

Motor Cop (putting note book away)
—"Well, don't let me catch you again."

Boslefsky—"My brother takes up Spanish, French, Italian, Hebrew, German and Scotch.

Austin—"Gee, where does he study?"

Boslefsky—"He doesn't study. He runs an elevator."

THE GLEANER AND THE FUTURE

(Continued from page 5)

are confident there is. Still when a new staff is to be elected, entirely green men must sometimes be chosen. Under such circumstances, the publication can never be as well-balanced and interesting as it might be. Time for such effort can be found. Help can be obtained from the editor or from Mr. McKown. The upperclassmen especially and the student body as a whole, should not only realize the opportunity, but really strive to take advantage of it. There is much to gain by such effort and nothing to lose.

The present Staff lays down its pen not with a sigh of relief that it has done a good piece of work and is glad to be quit of the responsibility, but with a feeling of regret that it cannot actively have a hand in carrying on the GLEANER to new pastures. We must guard our pen lest it take flight and imagine the

School five, ten or twenty years hence with its enlarged scope. The possibility of developing our magazine will grow with the School. To the Chapter News, which circulates among the Alumni, we extend a welcome. If other organs should arise with this same purpose, we bid them success. Our motto "One and All for Farm School" as the years go by.

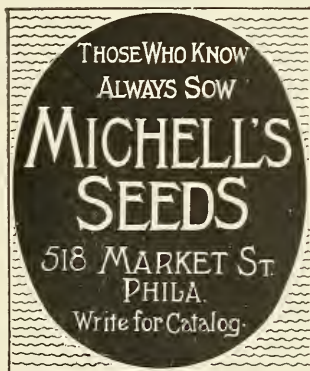
THE STAFF.

OBSERVATIONS OF A SCRUB

(Continued from page 12)

tension of the game rose to a high pitch, he would call the signals off in Jewish. (Secretly, though, we think that that mustache of his was his downfall.)

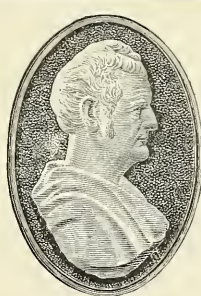
All in all, we emerged at the end of the season in fine shape and with all our hatreds a thing of the past. We hope that we've been of service to the Varsity and if we've accomplished that much, well—we're more than satisfied. It is our earnest desire to see some of our teammates graduate from the so-called common ranks and earn a Varsity berth for themselves a year from now. For football, or any other sport, like American politics, produces tough fighters while the game is on; but, once it is over, "bygones are bygones".




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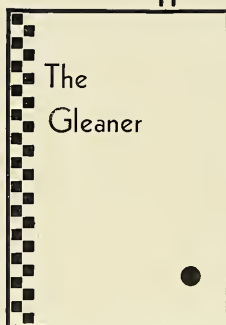
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